In London at the time they were always urging Henry Irving to produce new plays by new playwrights. But in the face of the failure of most of the new work, and of his departing strength, and of the extraordinary support given him in the old plays (during this 1902 tour we took £4,000 at Glasgow in one week!), Henry took the wiser course in doing nothing but the old plays to the end of the chapter.

I realised how near, not only the end of the chapter but the end of the book was, when he was taken ill at Wolverhampton in the spring of 1905.

We had not acted together for more than two years then, and times were changed indeed.

I went down to .\Volverharnpton when the news of his illness reached London. I arrived late and went to an hotel. It was not a good hotel, nor could I find a very good Sorist when I got up early the next day and went out \vith the intention of buying Henry some flowers. I wanted some bright-coloured ones for him—he had always liked bright flowers—and this florist dealt chiefly in white flowers—funeral flowers.

At last I found some daffodils—rny favourite flower. I bought a bunch, and the kind florist, whose heart was in the right place if his flowers were not, found me a nice simple glass to put it in. I knew the sort of vase that I should find at Henry's hotel.

I remembered, on ray way to the doctor's—for I had decided to see the doctor first—that in 1892 when my dear mother died, and I did not act for a few

nights, when I came back I found my room at the Lyceum filled with daffodils. " To make it look like sunshine/' Henry said.

The doctor talked to me quite frankly.

" His heart is dangerously weak/' he said.

" Have you told him ? " I asked.